A Subpæna from the high Imperiall Court of Heauen, to be ſerued vpon all men: vpon an Information preferred by *Iuſtice* againſt mankinde:

With the Anſwere, and Reply from *Mercy*, and her directions how to come to Heauen, if we auoyde ſinne.

Shrinke not from this Subpæna *which is pend,*
eſteeme it well, for ſure thou muſt appeare:
What thou haſt been, and how thou doſt offend,
each word and thought, wilbe preſcribed there:
Rightly that Iudge, will thy Records foorth call,
dayly therefore prepare vnto thy tryall:
None is exempt, all muſt then proſtrat fall
at Deaths command, no man can make deniall.
Now then prouide on paine of thy damnation,
heere to amend thy former euill wayes:
Oh ſinner, learne to ſeeke for thy ſaluation,
if thou in Heauen wouldſt haue eternall ioyes.

O Ieſu ardens amnue.

Imprinted at London by *W. White*, dwelling in Cow-lane. 1617.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

A Subpæna.

The Information of Iuſtice.

Almightie GOD,
thou Monarch of all might,
Who made the Seas, the Earth,
the Heauens, and all:
Whoſe Maieſtie,
whoſe Power is infinite:
At whoſe commaund, al powers do proſtat fall:
By whom all Monarchs of the world do raigne,
who ſetteth vp, and pulleth downe againe.

Iuſtice complaines, whereas out of thy *Grace*,
thou madſt a Creature of the earthly frame,
And put him in a moſt delightfull place,
with all aboundance richly in the ſame:
Where nothing wanted to content deſire,
which heart or ſoule for ſolace might require.

His Will and Wiſh were ioyned both in one,
his libertie was abſolute in minde:
No feare of Death; for ſinning there was none,
hee had reſtraint but onely in one kinde:
On paine of death, he was forbid to taſt
the *Fruite* in midſt of *Paradice* was plaſt.

Beeing alone, thy Maieſtie thought good
to make a Woman, for his more delight,
Which ſhould be of the ſelfe ſame fleſh & blood;
his conſort and his comfort day and night:
But at her motion he foorthwith rebelled,
and iuſtly was from *Paradice* expelled.

By diſobedience, hee did thus begin
to bring Man-kind in bondage to the Diuell;
Hee was the firſt originall of ſinne,
which brought in death, with all ſucceeding euill
That by his fall, poſteritie was ſtayned,
both Hell & Death by diſobedience, gayned.

Now did hee ſee his nakedneſſe and ſinne,
and might deteſt the cauſe of ſuch a fall,
He loſt that ſtate he was created in,
to bring in Death vpon himſelfe and all,
He loſt thy fauour being ſo beloued:
to caſt him of in *Iuſtice* thou wert moued.

But

But thou (although by ſo rebellious deed,
hee was to death and iuſt damnation brought)
Didſt make a promiſe, by the *Womans ſeed*,
death and Damnation ſhould be ouer wrought:
And what he loſt by his committed crime,
both that and more, ſhould be regain'd in time.

In the meane ſpace, thou ieftſt him *Natures* law,
a *Chancerie* within his ſecret breſt:
Which Conſcience might keepe his Fleſh in awe,
in flying ſinne, and following what was beſt:
But weake, or wilfull, whether be the cauſe,
hee flyeth out, and breaketh *Natures* lawes.

A ſecond *Law* thou didſt by *Moſes* giue,
more full and which did *Natures* law expreſſe:
But after neither of them he doth liue,
his ſinfull actions euermore increaſe:
He doth complaine and ſayes, thy Lawes are ſuch,
his weakneſſe great, their burthen is too much.

Fulneſſe of time brings in the Law of *Grace*,
the promis'd *Seed* to *Eua* was foretold,
Should cleare the guilt, and helpe all *Adams* race,
is now perform'd; and what hath been in hold,
In debted thrals to Death, to Hell for ſinne,
Ieſus frees all, and cals the reckoning in.

This Law of *Grace*, which as himſelfe hath ſayd,
the burden's light, and eaſie for to beare:
Who beares this yoake, was neuer ouerlayd,
when Loue beares all, and not inforced feare:
But for this Law, as all the reſt he careth,
for loue or feare, the breach of neither ſpareth.

What was the cauſe thou didſt him firſt create?
but for becauſe proud *Lucifer* did fall:
Thou wouldſt aduance him to that glorious ſtate,
what Angels loſt, Man ſhould attaine to all:
Where Angels fell, they had no reparation,
their fall was wilfull, and without temptation.

But Man was tempted by a potent foe,
who moſt enuying that an earthly wight
Should by his maker be aduanced ſo;
ſought by all meanes with hate of malice might
To wreſt him out of fauour and of grace,
to put him from that euerlaſting place.

Man that did fall through *Adams* ſtrong temptatiō
him to redeeme, thou ſentſt thy onely Sonne,
Reſtoring him to fauour and ſaluation:
what *Adam* loſt, the Womans ſeed hath wonne:
Who fell not tempted, is adiudg'd to Hell:
Man is redee'md, who by temptation fell.

Eternall

Eternall God, what ſhould thy *Mercy* moue,
for to forbeare this deadly ſinner ſo;
Hee yeelds no ſhew of thankes for all thy loue,
no benefites make him his ſinne forgoe:
What thou doſt hate, that wicked life he followes;
as Hogges in durt, in filthy life he wallowes.

Thy Lawes cannot his ſinfull life reſtraine,
his care is for thy benefites but ſmall:
His life declares thy threats he holds but vaine:
his workes doe ſhew he loues thee not at all:
Long ſuffering *Mercy* makes him ſo to truſt,
that he forgets that thou art alſo *Iuſt*.

Like as the Child cares not for Fathers threats,
Words are but wind, he followes on his play.
This creature ſo himſelfe and thee forgets,
till thou thy rodde of *Iuſtice* on him lay:
In all his pleaſures from thee he doth fly,
he ſeekes thee not, but when he feares to die.

What is that ſeeking forced by conſtraint,
all youthfull dayes to run it out in pleaſure,
And when that Death, or Sicknes maks him faint,
then he ſeeks homeward; thou muſt wait his lea-
Not like to *Abel* offering thee the beſt, (ſure:
but like to *Caine*, the worſt of all the reſt.

His

His prime of Youth, and all his Golden yeares,
his Wits and Wealth, all giuen to the Diuell:
When feeble Age drawes on, with hoary Hayres,
that now he fayles to practiſe former euill:
When Sinne leaues him, that he can ſinne no more
hee ſeekes to thee, who ſeru'd thy foe before.

Canſt thou in *Iuſtice* ſuch preſumption like,
the benefites thou giu'ſt him out of *Grace*,
To draw him home, before thy hand would ſtrike
to turne all to a cleane contrary caſe?
Gods *Mercy* paſſeth all his VVorks (he ſayeth,)
therefore preſuming, he his ſinne delayeth.

Thy *Mercy* is to ſuch as doe repent;
but not to Sinners, which remaine in ſinne:
VVho was a ſinner, if he haue intent
to change his life, he may thy *Mercy* winne:
But who preſuming, ſinneth in that kind,
by *Iuſtice*, he may neuer *Mercy* find.

Hee runneth on, ſuch arguments are rife,
with him who takes in ſinne ſo great delight,
That may giue colour to a ſinfull life,
preſuming thou in *Iuſtice* wilt not ſmite:
A damned life doth euermore inuent,
ſuch reaſons which may further his intent.

This

This creature cares not that thy *Sonne* was ſlaine,
the onely cauſe ſuch paines he did abide,
To pay his debts, and bring him home againe;
wounded in hands, in heart, head, feet and ſide:
Though for his ſinne, thy deareſt *Sonne* did die,
his howerly ſinnes doe ſtill him crucifie.

Vertues are fled, and baniſhed away,
what Vertues now at all is put in vre?
All deadly ſinnes doe eachwhere beare the ſway:
Oh great *Iehouah*, how canſt thou indure,
Fulneſſe of ſinne doth now ſo much abound,
it anoyes the heauens, & ouercharge the ground.

Behold my caſe, O God, I may be bold
to ſay my Sword and Balance are ſore ſhaken:
Canſt thou indure I ſhould be bought and ſould,
that poore mens ſutes for bribs ſhold be forſakē
Deſcend, ô God, to earth downe from the skies,
for none but thou, redreſſeth poore mens cries.

Who cares for Poore? yet Poore as deare to thee
as is the greateſt Monarch which doth raigne;
His ranſome like, and Heauen for him as free:
yet Pouertie is held in great diſdaine:
So did the Glutton *Lazarus* deſpiſe,
but now this ioyes, and hee in torment lies.

Doe

Doe they loue thee, when thou thy ſelfe haſt ſaid,
who doth relieue, and giueth to the poore,
Doth all to mee, and they ſhall be repaid
full waight and meaſure, yea an hundred more?
They ſhew their truſt and loue to thee is ſmall,
the poore get nothing, though thou giueſt all.

Thy Creatures made for man in thy creation,
in Sea, on Land, in and aboue the Skies,
They all agree in making exclamation,
they ſtill powre out for *Iuſtice*, grieuous cryes:
Thou gau'ſt them man, for to be rightly vſed,
but cleane contrary, they are all abuſed.

For Natures vſe Apparell is changed quite,
all is conuerted to exceſsiue Pride:
The Sun, the Moone, the Stars, the Day, the Night,
cry their abuſe, may be in *Iuſtice* tride:
Thy meats & drinks, thy gold & earthly treaſure,
are all abuſ'd in luſt and fleſhly pleaſure.

Shorten the time Almightie, tis too long
that man runnes on in wickednes and ſinne:
Haſten in *Iuſtice* to reuenge thy wrong,
ſend Death abroad to call all ſinners in;
Graunt out *Subpenaes*, let not Death make ſtay,
but to thy *Iudgement* bring all fleſh away.

A Sub-

A Subpæna from the Court *Emperiall.*

THE GOD of Gods,
who all the world hath wrought,
And out of Nothing,
made the Worlds wide frame:
Who Mans Saluation by all meanes hath ſought,
and by his Blood hath ranſomed the ſame:
By this *Subpæna* giueth charge to thee,
thou fayle not at his *Iudgment* ſeate to bee.

And that thou fayle not for to bring in place,
all thoſe Records thy Conſcience doth hold,
That *Chancery* can beſt declare thy caſe:
what it is now, what it hath been of old:
Of this thy charge thou mayſt not make deniall,
for that's the day appoynted for thy tryall.

Fayle not, vpon the hope of thy Saluation,
to cleare thy reckoning at that dreadfull day:
Prouide thy ſelfe on paine of thy damnation,
to free thy charge, and anſwere as thou may:
Within this world thou mayeſt to *Mercy* truſt;
but I haue ſworne, that day I will be *Iuſt*:

Witneſſ

Witneſſe my ſelfe, who at thy firſt creation,
made thee a Man; the Heauens and all for thee,
Witneſſe my ſelfe; who to worke thy Saluation,
ſent my deare *Sonne*, by Blood to ſet thee free.
Doe not refuſe theſe *Mercies*, which are mine,
leaſt Hels damnation fall out to be thine.

The Speeches of Death, prouided to *Execute the Subpæna.*

I Am at hand (full well I know my charge)
with all poſt haſt Ile make a quicke diſpatch:
But let me haue Commiſsion at large,
then I ſhall fruſtrate many a ſinfull match:
Then God by man ſhall not be ſo offended,
for with my Dart, all fleſh ſhall ſoone be ended.

Ile make the Proude to ſtoope, for all his pride:
Ile bring the Rich for all his Gold away:
The Leacher ſhall not in his filth abide:
the Glutton ſhall not for his daynties ſtay:
They are now careleſſe, but when I doe wound,
I tarrifie the loftieſt liues on ground.

Oh

Oh how they offer to redeeme their dayes,
they would giue all, ſo *Death* would ſet them free
If *Death* would be corrupted any wayes,
not all the world ſo rich as *Death* might bee:
In health and youth, who value *Death* but ſmall,
when *Death* doth ſtrike, to *Death* they offer all.

But what ſayth *Mercy*, ſhe doth looke as if
ſhe would endeauour to procure my ſtay:
She loues me not, ſhe holds me as a thiefe,
who would ſo ſoone her dearling bring away,
If ſhe begin to ſpeake, I know her minde,
out of her loue, ſhe pleaderh for man-kinde.

Mercy her ſpeach for Man-kind.

GReat King of Heauen,
Iuſtice ſpeaketh true,
Man iuſty doth prouoke
thy wrath and ire:
If thou in *Iuſtice* ſhouldſt pay him his due,
he hath deſerued euerlaſting fire,
But in this World thy *Mercy* thou haſt plaſt,
whilſt it indures, ſo let thy *Mercy* laſt.

Sen

Send out *Subpænaes* that I graunt is fit,
to let Men know they haue a reckoning day:
For Execution ſtay thy *Iuſtice* yet,
their liues amende perhaps ſome ſinners may;
Tis knowne thy *Mercy* yeelds thee more content,
then *Iuſtice* can, if Sinners would repent.

Tis not the Sinners death thou doſt deſire,
tis his conuertion thou haſt euer ſought:
If man receiue for ſinne, a ſinners hire, (wrought,
it comes from that which hee himſelfe hath
Grace and Saluation thy deſire, is knowne:
if Hell and Death, the ſinne and fault his owne.

Reſpeit the time, that I may doe my beſt
to let Man know the danger they ſtands in:
Thy hate to Sinne, by *Iuſtice* is expreſt:
ile try if *Loue* may moue him from his ſinne,
Iuſtice is ſterne, *Seueritie* playes his part,
Mercie (perhaps) may ſooner moue the heart.

The ſpeach of Mercie to Man-kind.

WHen all Man-kind, by *Adams* fall had loſt
both *Paradice*, the hope of Heauen and all:
In

In thoſe diſtreſſes then, I helped moſt;
I promiſed vpon that grieuous fall,
In time, a *Fruite* ſhould ſpring from *Womans ſeed*,
ſhould cleare the guilt, and can-cell *Adams* deed.

What I did promiſe, I performed truly,
the preciouſt choyce I tooke for mankinds ſake
Gods deareſt *Sonne*, who did performe it duely,
for Mans Saluation, did Mans nature take;
And by his Paſsion, where as man was thrall
to Death and Hell, he freed him out of all.

Iuſtice doth now as euer heretofore,
call on, that ſinners may receiue their due:
And I indeauour now, as euer-more,
for Mans Repentance, and Saluation ſue:
At *Mercies* ſute, God euer granteth *Grace*,
and for Repentance, giueth ſinners ſpace.

O that I might make ſute, with that ſucceſſe
to mortall men, as when I doe to God;
That they would yeeld to mee that readineſſe,
to fly the danger of his heauie rod:
I euer found God ready vpon triall;
why then ſhould Man giue *Mercies* ſute deniall.

I ſue not for my ſelfe, but for their gaine,

to

to make them heyres of Heauen, & thoſe ioyes:
Ile ſhew them how they may thereto attaine,
and reaſons why to fly all worldly toyes:
If Man will put what I direct, in vre,
of Heauenly bliſſe and ioyes he ſhall be ſure,

The true ſtate of a Sinner.

FIrſt let me ſhew what is his grieuous ſtate,
who doth in ſinne, and ſinfull life delight:
Which miſerie may force a man to hate
the cauſes which do worke that wofull plight:
What miſcheife more, then liue in feare and griefe,
when heauen or earth can yeeld him no reliefe?

If to the Heauens he dare lift vp his eyes,
His hart & ſoule with trembling feare do grudge
His bird in breaſt moſt heauy on him lyes,
and tels him thence he muſt looke for his Iudge
Whoſe terrour is to all which run aſtray,
moſt dreadfull at the maine tribunall day.

If hee the world, and all her creatures view
vpon the earth which creepe, that fly or ſwim,
Their thought and ſight will make his heart to rue,
that all were made for him, abuſ'd by him:

No

No thought that is, will ſinners more diſmay,
then things abuſed, at their dying day.

The Vſurer how is he rackt with Gold
when he is dying, gaſping out his breath:
What torment hath the Leacher to behold
faire Dames, when he is yeelding vnto death?
In life, what did delight the ſinner chiefe,
at death, doth force the greateſt woe and griefe.

To heare of Death, the ſinners heart doth ſhrinke,
the day of Doome will rend his ſoule in twaine:
Tis tirrible to call to minde, and thinke,
how *Death* and *Iudgment* haſte to him amaine:
No day nor night the ſinner findeth quiet,
a ſpotted ſoule and conſcience doth deny it.

Thoſe blacke *Records* within the diſmall Booke
faſt lockt within the cloſet of the Breaſt,
When as the ſinner therevpon doth looke,
with feares and terrours then is he oppreſt:
In all the world no torment, griefe, or paine,
are like the thoughts which doe the conſcience (ſtaine.
Theſe are the foes which inwardly do dwell
which ſinners doe about them euer beare,
Who ſtill torment them in their inward Hell,

racking and rending of them euery where,
When others laugh, they make a pleaſant ſhow,
with face diſſembling in the maineſt woe.

Let mortall men conſider in this caſe,
thinke of the time they are to tarry heere;
Behold the Sunne how ſwift he runs his race:
ſo do mans dayes, their death approcheth neere,
Forfeyt not Heauen for the flowers of May,
what are they worth once withered away?

Let man conſider in his Conſcience this,
when he hath raſhly done ſome deadly ſinne,
And comes to thinke that he hath done amiſſe,
what griefe of minde he foorthwith falleth in:
But when his time of doing good is ſpent,
thoſe thoughts do yeeld him ioy & all content.

Man was prouided for eternall ioyes,
his proper Country is with God aboue:
Why ſhould he doat vpon theſe worldly toyes?
What is the gaine of all this worldly loue?
A Conſcience cloyde, and naked ſent away,
a ſore accuſer at the latter day.

Conſider on the worke of thy Creation,
how farre thou art in debt to God therefore:

Then

No thought that is, will ſinners more diſmay,
then things abuſed, at their dying day.

The Vſurer how is he rackt with Gold
when he is dying, gaſping out his breath:
What torment hath the Leacher to behold
faire Dames, when he is yeelding vnto death?
In life, what did delight the ſinner chiefe,
at death, doth force the greateſt woe and griefe.

To heare of Death, the ſinners heart doth ſhrinke,
the day of Doome will rend his ſoule in twaine:
Tis tirrible to call to minde, and thinke,
how *Death* and *Iudgment* haſte to him amaine:
No day nor night the ſinner findeth quiet,
a ſpotted ſoule and conſcience doth deny it.

Thoſe blacke *Records* within the diſmall Booke
faſt lockt within the cloſet of the Breaſt,
When as the ſinner therevpon doth looke,
with feares and terrours then is he oppreſt:
In all the world no torment, griefe, or paine,
are like the thoughts which doe the conſcience (ſtaine.
Theſe are the foes which inwardly do dwell
which ſinners doe about them euer beare,
Who ſtill torment them in their inward Hell,

racking and rending of them euery where,
When others laugh, they make a pleasant show,
with face dissembling in the maineſt woe.

Let mortall men consider in this case,
thinke of the time they are to tarry heere;
Behold the Sunne how swift he runs his race:
so do mans dayes, their death approcheth neere,
Forfeyt not Heauen for the flowers of May,
what are they worth once withered away?

Let man consider in his Conscience this,
when he hath rashly done some deadly sinne,
And comes to thinke that he hath done amisse,
what griefe of minde he foorthwith falleth in:
But when his time of doing good is spent,
those thoughts do yeeld him ioy & all content.

Man was prouided for eternall ioyes,
his proper Country is with God aboue:
Why should he doat vpon these worldly toyes?
What is the gaine of all this worldly loue?
A Conscience cloyde, and naked sent away,
a sore accuser at the latter day.

Consider on the worke of thy Creation,
how farre thou art in debt to God therefore:

Then

Then thinke vpon the worke of thy Redemption
in which thy debt is multiplyed more:
Let these two things thy heart & conscience moue
vrge not his wrath whō thou art bound to loue.

When wicked thoughts or motions, breeding sin,
vvithin thy heart temptations doe inflame:
When that thou findest Reason doth begin
to yeeld consent to execute the same;
Then haue recourse to meditate on this,
and hardly thou shalt dare to doe amisse.

A dayly Meditation, which Mercy offereth to Mankind.

The day of Death.

THinke now thou lyest on thy dying Bed,
thy Heart, thy Head, thy Sences, all do faile,
Striuing for life, each member gastly spread,
trembling at *Death*, which make so fierce assaile:
If at *Deaths* howre, thy sinnes thou dost defie,
then dare not liue, in state thou darst not die.

Thinke furthermore thou haſt al worldly pleaſure
and euery thing which may the fleſh delight:
Suppoſe thou haſt thy fill of worldly treaſure,
what is al worth, whē *Death* ſhal claime his right?
What was once ſweet, is turned now to ſower,
the caſe quite altered in this dreadfull hower.

For now, thoſe things that were thy harts content,
thy Wealth and Pleaſure, force thy bitter woe:
With trembling conſcience now thou doſt repent
the day, the howre, thou didſt abuſe them ſo.

The Iudgement day.

THinke furthermore,
thou hearſt the dreadfull ſound,
The Trumpet calling of the dead to riſe:
And all the World of flaming fire round,
the Iudge appearing dreadfull in the skies:
Aske now thy Conſcience, durſt it in bad thought
or wicked life, before that ſeat be brought.

If that thy Conſcience tremble for to thinke
vpon the terrour of that dreadfull day:
If that Tribunall, make thy Heart to ſhrinke,

let

Then thinke vpon the worke of thy Redemption
in which thy debt is multiplyed more:
Let these two things thy heart & conscience moue
vrge not his wrath whō thou art bound to loue.

When wicked thoughts or motions, breeding sin,
vvithin thy heart temptations doe inflame:
When that thou findest Reason doth begin
to yeeld consent to execute the same;
Then haue recourse to meditate on this,
and hardly thou shalt dare to doe amisse.

A dayly Meditation, which Mercy offereth to Mankind.

The day of Death.

THinke now thou lyest on thy dying Bed,
thy Heart, thy Head, thy Sences, all do faile,
Striuing for life, each member gastly spread,
trembling at *Death*, which make so fierce assaile:
If at *Deaths* howre, thy sinnes thou dost defie,
then dare not liue, in state thou darst not die.

Thinke furthermore thou haſt al worldly pleaſure
and euery thing which may the fleſh delight:
Suppoſe thou haſt thy fill of worldly treaſure,
what is al worth, whē *Death* ſhal claime his right?
What was once ſweet, is turned now to ſower,
the caſe quite altered in this dreadfull hower.

For now, thoſe things that were thy harts content,
thy Wealth and Pleaſure, force thy bitter woe:
With trembling conſcience now thou doſt repent
the day, the howre, thou didſt abuſe them ſo.

The Iudgement day.

THinke furthermore,
thou hearſt the dreadfull ſound,
The Trumpet calling of the dead to riſe:
And all the World of flaming fire round,
the Iudge appearing dreadfull in the skies:
Aske now thy Conſcience, durſt it in bad thought
or wicked life, before that ſeat be brought.

If that thy Conſcience tremble for to thinke
vpon the terrour of that dreadfull day:
If that Tribunall, make thy Heart to ſhrinke,

let

let then this thought, driue ſinful thoughts away
And dare not doe thoſe wicked actions heere,
in which thou darſt not at that day appeare.

Conſider thou who now in health doſt liue,
thy day of death, & dreadfull houre will come,
Of all thy deeds thou muſt a reckoning giue,
thou canſt not voyd this dreadful day of dome:
No wit, no wealth, no beautie, force, nor ſtrength,
but muſt come to this Iudgement at the length.

The paines of Hell.

THe paines of Hell they muſt indured bee,
moſt infinite for torment and for date;
For ſinne is wrought gainſt infinite degree,
gainſt God, whoſe power exceeds all eſtimate:
When infinite that God-head is offended,
thoſe paines in *Iuſtice*, neuer ſhall be ended.

Eternall torments correſpond the Will:
Shouldſt thou liue euer, thou wouldſt euer ſin:
Thou iuſtly then deſerueſt torments ſtill,
Who would ſtill run that courſe thou liueſt in?
Etetnall torments iuſtly doe agree,
where Will and Sinne would both eternall bee.

No thought, no tongue, can comprehend or tell
what are the torments of that damned Fier:
The plagues, the ſcourges, tortures, are in Hell,
which *Iuſtice* doth prouide for ſinners hier:
A rufull noyſe, when damned Soules forlorne,
cry euer, Woe the hower we were borne.

The Ioyes of Heauen.

THinke what it is to come to heauenly bliſſe,
to liue with God, where Saints & angels dwel
Thoſe glorious ioyes which God prouids for his,
no heart, no tongue, can comprehend or tell:
No eare hath heard, or eye did euer ſee
the heauenly bliſſe, or ioyes of that degree.

Where Maieſtie ſo infinite excelleth,
hath all aboundance Maieſtie may haue:
Where the Omnipotent in glory dwelleth,
with thoſe elect whom *Ieſus* blood did ſaue,
All *Ioyes* muſt be ſtill flowing in that place,
where Saints behold the glory of his face.

Theſe heauenly Ioyes are certaine, without date,
Old-age renews to youth without decaying:
Eternall health and treaſures without rate:

let then this thought, driue sinful thoughts away
And dare not doe those wicked actions heere,
in which thou darst not at that day appeare.

Consider thou who now in health dost liue,
thy day of death, & dreadfull houre will come,
Of all thy deeds thou must a reckoning giue,
thou canst not voyd this dreadful day of dome:
No wit, no wealth, no beautie, force, nor strength,
but must come to this Iudgement at the length.

The paines of Hell.

THe paines of Hell they must indured bee,
most infinite for torment and for date;
For sinne is wrought gainst infinite degree,
gainst God, whose power exceeds all estimate:
When infinite that God-head is offended,
those paines in *Iustice*, neuer shall be ended.

Eternall torments correspond the Will:
Shouldst thou liue euer, thou wouldst euer sin:
Thou iustly then deseruest torments still,
Who would still run that course thou liuest in?
Etetnall torments iustly doe agree,
where Will and Sinne would both eternall bee.

No thought, no tongue, can comprehend or tell
what are the torments of that damned Fier:
The plagues, the ſcourges, tortures, are in Hell,
which *Iuſtice* doth prouide for ſinners hier:
A rufull noyſe, when damned Soules forlorne,
cry euer, Woe the hower we were borne.

The Ioyes of Heauen.

THinke what it is to come to heauenly bliſſe,
to liue with God, where Saints & angels dwel
Thoſe glorious ioyes which God prouids for his,
no heart, no tongue, can comprehend or tell;
No eare hath heard, or eye did euer ſee
the heauenly bliſſe, or ioyes of that degree.

Where Maieſtie ſo infinite excelleth,
hath all aboundance Maieſtie may haue;
Where the Omnipotent in glory dwelleth,
with thoſe elect whom *Ieſus* blood did ſaue,
All *Ioyes* muſt be ſtill flowing in that place,
where Saints behold the glory of his face.

Theſe heauenly Ioyes are certaine, without date,
Old-age renews to youth without decaying:
Eternall health and treaſures without rate;

no

no feare of croſſe or trouble ouerſwaying:
Who would doat on the worldly pleaſures ſo,
for loue of them, to let the Heauenly goe?

Loe heere's the end of euery mortall man,
which he comes to at firſt or at the laſt:
There's no auoydance ſince the World began,
Time flyes away, and Death approcheth faſt:
Conſider then of things that ſhall indure,
take *Mercies* offer, and thy ſoule is ſure.

The young man ſaies, theſe are too graue for mee:
the old man ſaies, theſe thoughts do charge me ſore
To pleaſe their humors each of theſe agree,
to fleight them off, & thinke of them no more:
Shift as they will, and let them take their pleaſure,
but let them know, *Death* ſtaieth no mans leaſure.

Counſaile

Counſayle to prepare our ſelues to returne to God, before the day of our death; for after death, there is no repentance.

IF yee loue God, or feare yee Hels damnation;
o then repent, deferre the time no more:
Heere in this life ye may obtaine ſaluation:
now ſeeke, O ſeeke, for heauenly ioyes therfore:
After that Death thy ſoule away hath taken,
none can repent, the time is then too late:
Duly therefore let ſinne away be ſhaken,
remoue thy ſelfe from wicked ſinners ſtate:
Each day or night; yea none the time doth know
whē Chriſt our Iudge, in iudgment ſeat wil ſtand
Euer do thinke thou hearſt his trumpet blow,
ſure the time is euen now at hand.

FINIS.

The Booke to the Reader.

THis debt is due vpon Doomes day,
which you are ſummoned to pay:
Wherefore my Author well content,
becauſe he warnes you to repent:
Repentance true God doth require,
it keepes you from eternall fire.

Annon Ieſu re ades?

Vi veneranda Sones.

no feare of croſſe or trouble ouerſwaying:
Who would doat on the worldly pleaſures ſo,
for loue of them, to let the Heauenly goe?

Loe heere's the end of euery mortall man,
which he comes to at firſt or at the laſt:
There's no auoydance ſince the World began,
Time flyes away, and Death approcheth faſt:
Conſider then of things that ſhall indure,
take *Mercies* offer, and thy ſoule is ſure.

The young man ſaies, theſe are too graue for mee:
the old man ſaies, theſe thoughts do charge me
To pleaſe their humors each of theſe agree, (ſore
to fleight them off, & thinke of them no more:
Shift as they will, and let them take their pleaſure,
but let them know, *Death* ſtaieth no mans leaſure.

Counſaile

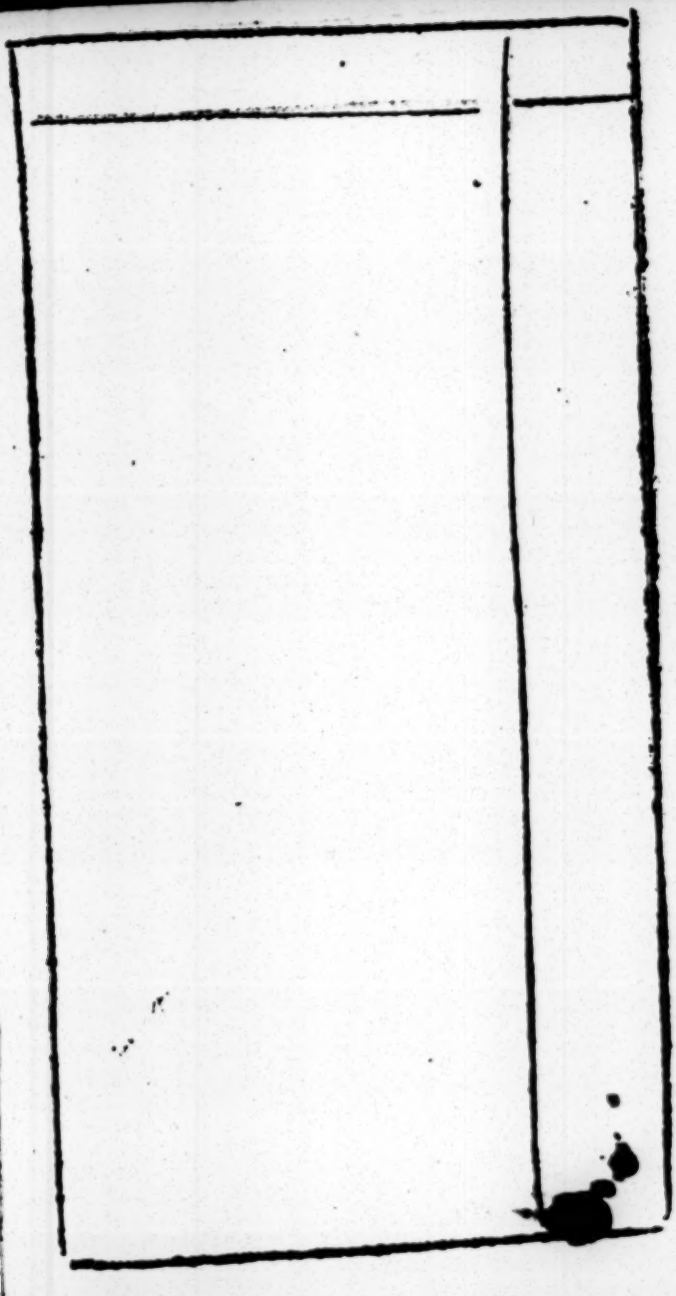
Counsayle to prepare our selues to returne to God, before the day of our death; for after death, there is no repentance.

IF yee loue God, or feare yee Hels damnation;
o then repent, deferre the time no more:
Heere in this life ye may obtaine saluation;
now seeke, O seeke, for heauenly ioyes therfore:
After that Death thy soule away hath taken,
none can repent, the time is then too late:
Duly therefore let sinne away be shaken,
remoue thy selfe from wicked sinners state:
Each day or night; yea none the time doth know
whē Christ our Iudge, in iudgment seat wil stand
Euer do thinke thou hearst his trumpet blow,
sure the time is euen now at hand.

FINIS.

The Booke to the Reader.

THis debt is due vpon Doomes day,
which you are summoned to pay:
Wherefore my Author well content,
because he warnes you to repent:
Repentance true God doth require,
it keepes you from eternall fire.

Annon Iesu reades:

Vi veneranda sones.